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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VIII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1879.

NUMBER 48.

POETRY.

Joy Cometh in the Morning.

"He will be our guide even unto death."
Only a baby, with winsome face,
Daintily showing each baby grace,
Only filling a baby's place,—
Yet the dear Lord sent it here.

Only a child with golden hair,
Gathering sunshine instead of care,
Followed by many an earnest prayer,
And many an anxious fear.

Only a maiden, loving and true,
Waiting for some great work to do;
Looking forward, the long years through,
But the Lord was over all.

Only a mother, with patient feet,
Praying for wisdom to guide her feet,
And the dear Lord heard the call.

Only a woman, faded and old,
With her hair of gray, instead of gold;
With the years of her life a sum all told,
And finished her work begun.

Only a coffin, with flowers dressed;
Only a patient face at rest,
With folded hands on a peaceful breast,
For the Lord hath said, "Well done."

Only a grave, in a churchyard cold,
With the pale moon shining in beams of gold,
For the Lord hath gathered safe into the fold,
His child—all labor past.

Over the river, where angels dwell,
Where songs of praises rise and swell,
Where Christ is King, all is well,
She met her Lord at last.

STORE TELLER.

THE TWO COUNTS.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

Scene—a watering place on Grapnel
Beach. The lights from the great
"Governor House" stream down even
into the water that comes swelling up,
swelling up with a short, musical
rhythm. All back of the white-capped
waves that are rolling in is one dark
glen; but the moon lifts her silver
horn—a white line streaks the water—the
brilliant galaxy of stars—but hold!
I should speak of other stars—the living
beauties at the "Governor House"
on Grapnel Beach.

The hotel was illuminated from top
to base. Inside all was festivity and
joyful hum. Nursery maids in pla-
toons were marching up the wide
stairs with babies, faces lying over
their shoulders. Babes and maids
were almost tired out. Musical in-
struments were being tuned, furiously.
Now a natural G would hop out, anon
a guttural flat somewhat down in the
vicinity of a trombone's deepest bass,
and then would come squeaking a row
of fine fiddle tones, the whole being
suggestive of spirited hopes and small
flirtations. The "dear, delightful"
men stood about in groups, some pur-
suing the dignified employment of
sucking their cane-tops, others admiring
the respective neckties of their
neighbors and their own, and all of
them looking with eager eyes over to
the place where their beauties were
expected to meet them.

The dancing had fairly begun—all
was fun and frolic. The young bab-
oons—I beg pardon, I meant men—
slipped out between the dances to im-
bibe their brandies and flavor their
precious breaths with odoriferous
tobacco, and the young nineties—par-
don again, I mean ladies—flirted with
the sentimental Augustuses and the
moonstruck Toms, to their hearts' con-
tent.

Out upon the balcony, with their
arms lovingly about each other's
waist, stood two young girls, or rather
two clouds of muslin, gauze and laces,
with wax-like faces and flax-like hair
on top.

"Where is John, Lettie?" asked one
of them, playing with the long ring-
lets of her friend.

"Don't know, dear, haven't seen
him for an hour or more. O, Minnie!
do you think there is really a live
count coming to Grapnel? Do you
think so?"

"They say it is true," replied the
other; "all girls are dying to see him.
You know that plain little thing?"

"Certainly, dear."
"Well, don't you think she affected
to care nothing about the rumor;
positive 'she should not care for all the
counts,' she said—would think no
more of a count than a good Yankee
farmer, unless he behaved as well." Did
you ever hear such nonsense, dear?"

"Never; I am sure I should die
contented if I could once promenade
with a real count, and as to waltzing
with him, O, Lettie, dear! I wouldn't it
be heavenly?"

"Yes, indeed," said Lettie. "For
my part I am determined he shall not
notice me. I do hope that forlorn John
Gordon won't follow me everywhere."

"John Gordon is rich, remember
dear, and everybody is jealous of his
attention to you. Besides, he's hand-
some, and I do believe he loves you."

"O, yes! there's no doubt, but what
he loves me! but mercy! what is John
Gordon by the side of a count? O,
Minnie! I have such feelings some-
times. I do believe I was born to be
a great personage, somewhere. I don't
like the dull American life where one
has to notice everybody. How deli-
ghtful it would be now to say on ev-
ery side 'my lord.' O, isn't it noble?
isn't it grand?"

"Yes, dear, but isn't the dew fall-
ing! Had we better not go in?"

So they went in. And the trom-
bones groaned, the fiddles squeaked,
the flutes made charming music, and
there was a sound as if the great hotel
was keeping time in a periodical
shake, and even the ocean was danc-
ing.

"Well, Hallet, wasn't that talk de-
lightful, now?"

"Wasn't it rich, by George! the lit-
tle swells! Is there a count coming?"

"Coming! there's one here, been
here this two days, but the girls don't
know it. He's a gentleman, too, and
no mistake—that plain grave man in a
black suit—looks like an American
citizen more than anything else. He's
incoo; wants to study manners at our
great feeding places."

"Ah! so that is a count! Well, I
must say he's a fine, sensible-looking
fellow. He's paid considerable atten-
tion to that Miss Jennie Phillips, whom
Lettie Grovelen called that plain lit-
tle thing. I presume she meant by
that plain dressing, as she has one of
the sweetest faces I ever saw."

"Hallet, did you see those two fore-
ign fellows seated on the bench by
one of the lower doors, this evening?"
asked John Gordon.

"Yes; they are organ-grinders.
They are going to stay here to-night,
so one of them told me—quite an in-
telligent fellow."

"Will it pay, think you, to have
some sport with them?" asked John
Gordon.

"I think I take," cried Hallet, with
a hearty laugh. "I'll put an X in, and
a V on that, for the sake of the fun."

"Come on, then; we shall find them
somewhere?"

The organ-grinders were in com-
pany. They were Italians, brothers,
men with fine eyes and full beards,
long noses and ragged clothes. They
could talk just a little English, and
understand more. When found they
were closing a bargain with one of
the servants to play for them in the
great kitchen, but when John Gordon
called them aside and made a tempt-
ing offer, they, with many grimaces
and shrugs, pleaded an engagement to
the people below stairs.

"If you manage it well I'll give you
\$15 apiece, and you shall have our
tickets for the grand supper to-night."

"Yas! said the delighted foreigners,
their eyes sparkling.

Hallet laid down the programme.
John Gordon went down to secure
their organs, in case they should take
a rovers' fancy to their new broad-
cloth, and to prepare their wardrobes.

The fellows dressed quickly. They
looked like gentlemen. As to the use
of lorgnettes, finger-rings and perfum-
ed handkerchiefs, they needed no in-
struction. An intuitive grace made
them very conspicuous. John Gor-
don walked towards Hallet with an air
that said: "They beat us at our game;
they are really handsome fellows!"

"Let the lions loose," said Hallet,
"they have their cue," and according-
ly the lions walked down stairs with
an exceedingly great swell. John
Gordon and Hallet watched them,
and said to each other "it was capital-
ly done."

Their incoming caused a sensation.
Decidedly they were the most distin-
guished-looking men in the room.

Here and there, carelessly, Gordon
and Hallet let drop a hint. It made
a ripple—the ripple spread and broke
into a thousand lines. A whisper
surged from one end of the room to
the other—two counts! Two counts!
—live ones—handsome, with an air dis-
tinctive. Some of them smiled quietly,
quietly elevated their glasses, and
wished the counts would only smile
on them. The counts did smile—
first here, and then there. Presently
John Gordon and Hallet appeared.
Ah, they were immensely delighted.
What shaking of hands!

"They knew them," whispered Let-
tie Grovelen, with a smile of ecstasy.
"Now we shall be introduced."
So they were; so were others. But
the two friends, Lettie and Minnie,
evidently made an impression. Ac-
tually, they were promenading around
the hall—each leaning on the arm of a
count! How modest and quiet they
tried to appear! how their hearts beat,
and the blood surged to their silly
brains with triumph! The poor little
muslin clouds with waxen faces atop.

"Will you walk on ze balcony, miss?"
asked the older, in worse English than
we can write.

"O, with pleasure! with delight!"
exclaimed Lettie. She would not have
given exactly the same answer if he
had asked her to go to Kamschatka.

They walked out there to the ex-
treme envy of every lady but a very
few who had happened to be born

with common sense, an endowment
more rare than genius.

"I likes you very much," said Let-
tie's count. "I so riche in my own
countrie! Tese diamonds come from
my estate; zey's very bootiful dia-
monds. I have so large houses and
so large gold! all so large as you never
zee in zis countrie."

Lettie's heart almost beat to suf-
focation—the little fool!

"Ete I could only get one wife, so
handsome as you, I should be perfect-
ly zublime!"

Lettie hung heavily upon his arm.
Meantime the other count was going
through the same farce in a perfect
agony of mutilated Saxon.

"Zespos I did ask you to be my one
leetle wife—you say no?"

"I think I should not," replied Let-
tie, in a voice as soft as a zephyr; "if
papa is willing, and I know he would be."

"Ah! I now be charming zublime!"
"How delicate!" thought Lettie.
"He does not even attempt to kiss
me, though he might as well as not."

Didn't her eyes shine brighter
than the count's diamonds when they
re-entered the hall? Wasn't the
bloom on her face most brilliant?
Couldn't everybody see that she was
as good as married to the count? The
same remarks will apply to Miss Min-
nie.

They leaned so closely against the
coat sleeves of their foreign attaches!
They looked up into their faces with
such bewitching confidence!

"Isn't it most time?" asked John
Gordon, with an appalling wink.

"I should think so," replied Hallet,
as he felt for his watch—but the count
had it.

John Gordon and Hallet disappeared
with elongated faces, that shortened
as they found themselves alone.
Presently they entered the hall again,
followed by two stout servants, each
bearing a hand organ. Up they
marched to the consternation of the
company, directly towards the two
counts.

Confusion!
"Here's a shilling for you," said
John Gordon, roughly, to Lettie's es-
cort; "give us 'Still so gently.' Do
your best, now!"

With a bow and a grin, the count
loosened a white arm from his own,
and, doffing the green baize, he took
the shilling, buckled on the hand or-
gan and set up a squeak.

For a moment, as the two fellows
ground away, bobbing and grinning,
there was a strange silence. The com-
pany "took," and such a yell not fash-
ionable, by any means went up as
was never heard from such a polite as-
sembly before.

Lettie stood a moment, red, mortified,
confounded! So did Minnie. But
presently one muslin cloud faded away,
and the other made her exit by
some more desirable means.

The real count enjoyed the lesson
as well as the rest. But let it be re-
marked, *en passant*, that Lettie and
Minnie were types of more than two-
thirds of the fashionable belles at
Grapnel, and that the pretended
counts were perhaps more honest, and
certainly more industrious than the
fops who laughed at them.

A SECOND TRIAL.

BY SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

It was commencement at G— Col-
lege. The people were pouring into
church as I entered it, rather tardily.
Finding the choice seats in the centre
of the audience-room already taken, I
pressed forward, looking to the right
and to the left for a vacancy. On the
very front row of the seats I found one.

Here a little girl moved along to
make room for me, looking in my face
with large gray eyes, whose brightness
was softened by very long lashes. Her
face was open and fresh as a newly
blown rose before sunrise. Again and
again I found my eyes turning to the
rose-like face, and each time the gray
eyes moved, half smiling, to meet mine.
Evidently the child was ready to "make
up" with me. And when with a bright
smile, she returned my dropped han-
kerchief, and I said, "Thank you!" we
seemed fairly introduced. Other per-
sons coming into the seat, crowded me
quite close up against the little girl, so
that we soon felt very well acquainted.

"There's going to be a great crowd,"
she said to me.

"Yes," I replied; "people always like
to see how school-boys are made men."

Her face beamed with pleasure and
pride as she said:

"My brother is going to graduate;
he is going to speak; I have bought
these flowers to throw to him."

They were not greenhouse favorites;
just old-fashion, domestic flowers, such
as we associate with the dear grand-
mothers; "but," I thought, "they will
seem sweet and beautiful to him for
his little sister's sake."

"That is my brother," she went on,
pointing with her nosegay.

"The one with the light hair?" I
asked.

"Oh, no," she said, smiling, and

shaking her head in innocent reproach;
not that homely one, with red hair;
that handsome one with brown wavy
hair. His eyes look brown, too; but
they are not—they are dark blue.
There! he's got his hand to his head
now. You see him, don't you?"

In an eager way she looked from
me to him, and from him to me, as if
some important fate depended upon
my identifying her brother.

"I see him," I said. "He's a very
good looking brother."

"Yes, he is beautiful," she said with
artless delight; "and he's so good, and
he studies so hard. He has taken care
of me ever since mamma died. Here is
his name on the programme. He is
not the valedictorian, but he has an
honor, for all that."

I saw in the little creature's familiar-
ity with these technical college terms
that she had closely identified her-
self with her brother's studies, hopes
and successes.

"He thought at first," she continued,
"that he would write 'The Romance
of Monastic Life.'"

What a strange sound those long
words had, whispered from her child-
ish lips! Her interest in her brother's
work had stamped them on the child's
memory, and to her they were ordinary
things.

"But then," she went on, "he decid-
ed that he would rather write on 'His-
torical Parables,' and he's got a real
good oration, and he says it beautif-
fully. He has said it to me a great many
times. I must know it by heart. Oh!
it begins so pretty and so grand. This
is the way it begins," encouraged by
the interest she must have seen in my
face: Amid the permutations and the
combinations of the actors and forces
which make up the great kaleidoscope
of history, we often find a turn of
destiny's hand—"

"Why, bless the baby!" I thought,
looking down into her bright, proud
face. I can't describe how very odd
and elfish it did seem to have those
sonorous words rolling out of the smil-
ing, infantile mouth.

The band, striking up, put an end
to the quotation and to the confidences.
As the exercises progressed, and ap-
proached nearer and nearer the effort
on which all her interest was concen-
trated, my little friend became excited
and restless. Her eyes grew larger and
brighter, two deep red spots glowed
on her cheeks. She touched up the
flowers, manifestly making the offering
ready for the shrine.

"Now it is his turn," she said turn-
ing to me a face in which pride and de-
light and anxiety seemed equally ming-
led. But when the overture was played
through, and his name was called,
the child seemed in her eagerness to
forget me and all the earth besides him.
She rose to her feet and leaned for-
ward for a better view of her beloved
as he mounted to the speaker's stand.
I knew by her deep breathing that her
heart was throbbing in her throat. I
knew, too, by the way her brother came
to the front, that he was trem-
bling. The hands hung limp; his face
was pallid, and the lips blue, as with
cold. I felt anxious. The child, too,
seemed to discern it, at things were not
well with him. Something like fear
showed in her face.

He made an automatic bow. Then
a bewildered, struggling look came in
his face, then a helpless look, and then
he stood staring vacantly, like a som-
nambulist, at the waiting audience.
The moments of painful suspense went
by, and still he stood as if struck dumb.
I saw how it was; he had been seized
with stage fright.

Alas! little sister! She turned large,
dismayed eyes upon me. "He's for-
gotten it," she said. Then a swift
changed expression came into her face;
a strong, determined look; and on the
familiar-like silence of the room broke
the sweet, brave, child voice:

"Amid the permutations and combi-
nations of the actors and the forces
that make the great kaleidoscope of
history, we often find that a turn of
destiny's hand—"

Everybody about us turned and
looked—The breathless silence; the
sweet, childish voice; the childish
face; the long, unchildlike words, pro-
duced a weird effect.

But the help had come too late; the
unhappy brother was already stagger-
ing in humiliation from the stage. The
band quickly struck up, and waves of
lively music were rolled out to cover
the defeat.

I gave the sister a glance in which I
meant to show the intense sympathy I
felt; but she did not see me. Her eyes
swimming with tears, were on her brother's
face. I put my arm around her.
She was to be absorbed to heed the caress,
and before I could appreciate her pur-
pose, she was on her way to the shame-
stricken young man sitting with a face
like a statue.

When he saw her by his side, the
set face relaxed, and a quick mist came
into his eyes. The young man got
closer together to make room for her.
She sat down beside him, laid her
flowers on his knee, and slipped her
hand in his.

I could not keep my eyes from her
sweet, plying face. I saw her whisper

to him, he bending a little to catch her
words. Later, I found out that she
was asking him if he knew his "piece"
now, and that he answered, yes.

When the young man next on the
list had spoken, and while the band
was playing, the child, to the brother's
great surprise, made her way up the
stage steps, and pressed through the
throngs of professors and trustees and
distinguished visitors, up to the col-
lege president.

"If you please, sir," she said with a
little courtesy, "will you and the trust-
ees let my brother try again? He
knows his piece now."

For a moment, the president started
at her through his gold bowed specta-
cles, and then appreciating the child's
petition, he smiled on her and went
down and spoke to the young man
who had failed.

So it happened that when the band
again ceased playing, it was brilliancy
announced that Mr. — would now de-
liver his oration—"Historical Parables."

"Amid the permutations and combi-
nations of the actors and the forces
which make up the great kaleidoscope
of history—"

This little girl
whispered to him as he rose to answer
the summons.

A ripple of heightened and expect-
ant interest passed over the audience,
and then all sat stone still, as though
fearing to breathe lest the speaker
might again take fright. No danger!
The hero in the youth was aroused.
He went at his "piece" with a set pur-
pose to conquer, to redeem himself,
and to bring the smile back into the
child's tear-stained face. I watched
the face during the speaking. The wide
eyes, the parted lips, the whole
rapt being said that the breathless au-
dience was forgotten, that her spirit
was moving with his.

And when the address was ended
with the ardent abandon of one who
catches enthusiasm in the realization
that he is fighting down a wrong judg-
ment and conquering a sympathy, the
effect was really thrilling.—That digni-
fied audience broke into rapturous ap-
plause; bouquets intended for the va-
ledictorian rained like a tempest. And
the child who had helped to save the
day—that one beaming, little face, in
its pride and gladness, is something
to be forever remembered.

THE DEAF AND DUMB.

SILENT SERMONS IN TRINITY CHAPEL YESTER-
DAY—AN INTERESTING SERVICE BY A
DEAF-MUTE MISSIONARY—HIS TRAVELS
AND GOOD WORKS—THE FIRST SCHOOL
FOR DEAF-MUTES IN AMERICA.

A Wilmington (Del.) paper of No-
vember 17, 1879, says:

Unusually large congregations as-
sembled in Trinity Chapel yesterday,
at 10:30 A. M. and 6:30 P. M., to see
and hear the sermons especially de-
signed for the afflicted in speech and
hearing, about 30 of whom were pres-
ent during the services. Mr. Job
Turner, Missionary under appointment
from Bishop Lee, conducted the ser-
vice in the sign language, after the
rector, Rev. Dr. Frost. The usual
Morning Prayer and Litany services
were used by the rector and repeated
Mr. Turner in the most graceful, easy
and touching manner, entirely from
memory. It was surprising to those
of the congregation who could not
understand the latter rendition of the
service, and who had never seen an
address or sermon in the silent lan-
guage before, with what ease and ap-
parent precision the latter gentleman
kept pace with the rector in the ser-
vice; and, as the most affecting parts
were rendered, it seemed that one not
acquainted with the language could
almost understand the gestures, so
earnest and expressive were they.

The morning sermon was on the
text: "Look unto me and be saved,
all ye ends of the earth"—Isaiah xiv,
22, a full abstract

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

ROUND ROBIN'S REPLY.

MR. EDITOR:—One might congratulate President Tillinghast upon having found so eloquent a champion in Wm. Martin Chamberlain, were it not well known that this gentleman never has any honest opinions of his own, but nearly always echoes those of the person or party with whom for the nonce, he wishes to ingratiate himself, or from whom he expects some great benefit, favor or profit, as he was never known to render a service to any one, without expecting double pay, hence his wordy reply to Round Robin will not have so much as a feather's weight with the intelligent mutes of New England. In due time it will be made apparent why Mr. C. is so much interested in the New England Gallaudet Association Convention, and why he does not want it held in winter, also it will be known what axe he has to grind in taking up the cudgel for President Tillinghast.

Mr. C. asserts that arrangements are already in progress for a convention. No one has yet heard of any such arrangements, on the contrary, it is not yet known that a preliminary board meeting has been called to decide upon the time and place for holding a convention. It is also untrue as Mr. C. claims that President Tillinghast's predecessor delayed calling a convention yet longer; for the Clero Memorial meeting came in the regular course of the convention and so took the place of one. Mr. Chamberlain was there himself and knows all about it.

We have written nothing that we would not be willing to publish over our own signature, but for reasons best known to ourselves think best to remain incognito for the present, and merely add that on this question of anonymous writers. Mr. Chamberlain, having so long sailed under false colors would do well to preserve a dignified silence. President Tillinghast having come among us as a mere party leader, must expect now and then to be discussed in this character. The hearing press freely criticize our public men; even the staunch Republican journals now and then take the liberty to differ with President Hayes, notably so on his southern peace policy, and yet more recently on the Chinese question.

President Tillinghast has lived all his life among the hearing people. He talks and reads the lips freely. He has a hearing wife and family around him; hence, he knows nothing about the isolation of deaf-mutes among hearing people. He knows nothing of our intense longing to meet old schoolmates and classmates once more. He knows nothing of how much we enjoy such meetings; look forward to them months beforehand, and return to our lonely homes refreshed in mind and body to live them over again months afterwards. Of all these he knows nothing, therefore in strict justice, he cannot be charged with cruelty, but being a strict party man, the main consideration with him is party success, and for party purposes, he postpones our convention. But he should bear in mind that public rulers are also public servants, and be less arbitrary and more conciliatory; then he need not go outside of New England for honest defenders, right here in his own good old Bay State are plenty who would be ready at a moment's call to rally to his defence and not charge him a red cent for their services.

Yours truly,
ROUND ROBIN.

WHAT ONE BOSTONIAN SAYS.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Had the moon fallen at my feet in the shape of a huge, green cheese, I could not have been more astounded than I was by the remarks of Miss Angie Fuller about the Brooklyn *Leader* in your last issue. Is Miss Fuller's brain getting cracked, or what has come over her that she places herself before the public in such a sublimely ridiculous position? The most charitable conclusion one can arrive at, is that she wrote those remarks without investigating the character of the *Leader*, or its editor, and therefore knew nothing about what she was writing.

Yet this ignorance does not entirely exonerate her from blame. Having set herself up as a preacher and professed Christian, it was her duty before taking so responsible a part upon herself to carefully and conscientiously investigate the character of the *Leader* and its editor. She would then have saved herself the mortification of finding that her eloquence had been expended in endorsing a vile humbug, whose wretched editor is an openly avowed infidel; and who, according to his own confession, stole the very type with which his pestiferous little sheet is printed. Miss Fuller lately wrote well against slander, but now she commends the most slanderous paper ever published.

Neither do I agree with her, regarding the need of another deaf-mute paper, deeming the *JOURNAL* all sufficient for us, not only for now, but for years to come. If well patronized it could be enlarged from time to time as circumstances require.

Miss Fuller in expressing her opinion about the needs of another deaf-mute paper was smarting under the slight of having her MSS. rejected by one of the deaf-mute papers, and thought she would like to have one wholly at her own disposal, wherein she could insert all *libitum* her poems, stories, essays, bundle of brevities, etc., etc.; but common sense should teach her that even in this land of liberty, there are limits both of law and propriety beyond which the good

citizen and the true lady does not venture to go.

Her preaching to Dr. Gallaudet over the left, to say the least, savors of impertinence. Probably Dr. Gallaudet knows as much as she does about the Christian duty of forgiveness, and that he fully practices this duty is proven by his long months of patient endurance of insult and abuse heaped upon him by the cowardly and infidel editor of the *Leader*.

In conclusion, I will say there is not paper nor ink enough in all the world to express my contempt for that lying, slanderous sheet, the Brooklyn *Leader*, and if its rascally editor had his true deserts he would be behind iron bars.

BOSTONIAN.

MARRIAGE OF E. C. OULD AND JENNIE BOUGHTON AT ST. ANN'S CHURCH.

The weather, which had been threatening rain for several days, seemed to understand that a brighter outlook was necessary for Nov. 19th, and accordingly we were treated to a taste of golden glory, when the day arrived for E. C. Ould and Jennie Boughton to join hands together to travel along the uncertain path of life, and to share alike each other's joys and sorrows.

At half past one the number of people present would not fall far short of 200, among them we noticed Hon. Erastus Brooks, Mrs. I. L. Peet, Mrs. T. H. Gallaudet, Mrs. E. H. Currier, Mrs. F. D. Clarke, Miss Tolos, Miss Sadie Howard and mother, Mrs. Smith and Miss Sue Leghorn, sisters of Miss Belle Leghorn of the New York Institution, Mrs. Dunlap, Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. F. Roberts, Miss F. H. Jones, Mrs. C. S. Newell, and the following party, who had come from the New York Institution, many of whom had been classmates of the bride:—Miss Prudence Lewis and Misses M. H. Whitehead, M. Pickens, B. Fisher, B. Leghorn, G. Decker, A. C. DeCoster, C. B. Felver, E. A. Hitchcock, F. Woods, A. Kennedy, J. Williams, K. Shute, A. E. Lewis, H. Kevitt, and L. Noble; also Messrs. F. R. Stryker, J. O'Brien, W. Ennis, C. Q. Mann, A. L. Thomas, and C. S. Doane.

At fifteen minutes past two o'clock, the bride leaning on the arm of the groom passed up the main aisle, followed by the sister and aunt of the bride. Dr. Gallaudet performed the ceremony very quickly, as the couple were to start that afternoon on the Hartford steamer. In less than half an hour the twin were made one, and Dr. G. handed the marriage certificate which had seemingly been prepared beforehand, to the bride. On their way out, the newly married couple received congratulations from all sides.

The bride was dressed in a plum-colored silk dress and seal-skin sash, and the groom had on a suit of broadcloth, coat out Prince Albert style. Mr. Ould is a former graduate of the Hartford Asylum, and Mrs. Ould graduated last year from the New York Institution.

May their married life be a bed of roses, and may the roses have no thorns.

After the ceremony, many of the deaf-mutes who had been present went to No. 41 East 22d Street, to test the new invention, termed the "audiphone," but were disappointed at not finding the inventor at home.

AN ORIGINAL PROPOSITION.

MR. EDITOR:—I have often received the rather dubious compliment of being "original"; consequently have an original proposition to make about the National Convention.

My project is not to have it in any town or city, but in some pleasant grove, near the most central depot in the United States, where all hands could camp out, and have a jolly good time. Acquaintances could club together, and have a tent or tents by themselves; each one carrying their own food. It would involve much less expense, and therefore enable many to attend who could not otherwise.

Let us have an old-fashioned camp-meeting, where all who wish can take a couple of weeks' recreation. The ladies could have a pavilion; the gentlemen a machinery hall; some enterprising youth could conduct a peanut stand or a bazaar. The ball players could take their balls and bats; the croquet players, their mallets; the archers, their bows; the anglers, their rods; the hunters, their rifles; the married ones their children, and all have a good frolic.

RURAL.

UNION SERVICES.

Prof. W. H. Weeks, of Hartford, Ct., officiated at Providence, R. I., Nov. 9th, drawing together the largest number of mutes yet assembled at a service in that city—15 being present, with ten hearing persons. He also held a service in the evening at the home of Oscar Keniman.

On the 16th he held a service in the First Baptist church of Springfield, Mass., at which were gathered together thirteen mutes and fifty hearing persons.

He will also be there again in Dec. These services were held under the auspices of the Bay State Deaf-mute Christian Mission, which has also held services in Lowell, where there is much interest manifested, and three of their members will shortly be baptized.

COM.

"Are you a wallflower?" he asked. And she replied: "No; I am a wall, sir." Then they waited.

NEW YORK INSTITUTION.

One of the most interesting, stubbornly contested, and altogether the most exciting debate of the season, and we may say for many seasons past, took place on Saturday evening the 15th inst., under the auspices of the Panwood Literary Association.

The question under consideration was, "Which is the most desirable employment, Printing or Farming?"

The former was supported by Messrs. Stryker and Mann. They had for adversaries C. S. Doane and M. McPaul. But it was evident beforehand that a mere array of arguments could not in themselves alone overcome the prejudice entertained by the majority of those present in favor of farming. The more intelligent saw clearly the many advantages printing possessed over its opponent in the list, in a desirable point of view. It requires very little reflection to do this.

The question being put, the vote stood as follows; Farming 154; Printing 44. Thus by a majority of 110 votes which may be taken as the excess of the uninitiated portion of the audience over those better informed, the palm was awarded to farming.

The Wednesday following this event was the eighty-fifth anniversary of the birth of our late honored principal, and warm friend, Harvey Prindle Peet, LL.D. Born in Bethlehem, Litchfield county, Conn. Nov. 19, 1794, he from his earliest youth up devoted his life to that branch of philanthropy which has made his name famous, and endeared himself to the hearts of the unfortunate class whose intellectual stand he strove so hard to elevate.

The day was appropriately observed, the morning duties being postponed one hour later than usual. In the afternoon all assembled in the chapel at one o'clock. Here the hours were agreeably passed, in listening to addresses by the principal and teachers.

The first to mount the rostrum was Prof. Clarke. His remarks were very interesting, and abounded in anecdotes and reminiscences of our late friend and associate.

Mr. Clark followed by Prof. J. Van Nostrand, one of patriarchs of the profession, who delivered orally the following address, which was interpreted to the mute portion of the audience by Dr. I. L. Peet:

"It has been the custom among civilized nations in all ages to commemorate the virtues and heroic achievements of the illustrious dead. The ancients built pyramids and temples, raised obelisks, or erected statues in honor of those who had achieved great victories or conferred some lasting benefit on the human race. Among modern nations, the same custom finds its expression in the erection of hospitals for the relief of suffering humanity, in the founding of colleges and institutions of learning, museums of art and science, and in adorning our churches with beautiful memorial windows.

"The observance of the birthdays of authors whose works still continue to delight our hours of leisure, as of Burns, Sir Walter Scott and others; or of those heroes whose deeds we would celebrate, as of Washington; or of those men whose benevolent labors have been directed to the suppression of some great moral evil, as of Wilberforce; is but another means of expressing the same desire to honor the memory of those whose names we would perpetuate and whose examples we would hold up for imitation.

"It is in compliance with this custom that we have assembled here today, to celebrate the birthday of the late Harvey Prindle Peet, LL.D., for many years Principal of this Institution, and, in some sense, its founder, for it is mainly through his efforts and his wise and skillful management in its earlier years, that it has become one of the leading institutions of the world. Those of us who are familiar with the early history of the institution, know with what self-abnegation he devoted himself to the interests of the deaf and dumb.

"In some, Dr. Peet's dignity of manner inspired a feeling of awe, but his intimate friends knew him to be most genial and companionable, a good raconteur, full of anecdote and incident, which gave zest to his conversation, in short, a most pleasant gentleman.

"It is not necessary to detail at length his labors in the cause of deaf-mute education, for they are familiar to you all, and a part of history.

"I have only to say in conclusion that his spotless life and untiring energy in the discharge of duty, demand our admiration and challenge our imitation, and we shall accomplish the object of this annual gathering and celebration, if we endeavor to repeat, in our own lives, his virtues and admirable qualities, better, indeed, than if we erected a statue of imperishable bronze, or a cenotaph of spotless marble."

During the exercises, Dr. Peet introduced two gentlemen, who made their appearance but a short time previous. The first proved to be Mr. Richard S. Rhodes, and the second Mr. M. McClure, his partner. The former gentleman is the inventor of the audiphone, which has created so great a sensation in the silent world. Both had journeyed hither from Chicago.

Mr. Rhodes brought along with him several of his "phones,"—with the aid of which he performed some experiments upon a selected few, with favorable results, as far as those few were concerned.

His appearance and the result of his experiments created quite a sensation. Last Saturday turning out a fine

day (minus a little sprinkling in the afternoon) a selected number of the Evangeline Boat Club enjoyed a fine pull on the river. Owing to the fact that the water was rough, they failed to return in as dry a condition as when they started.

Retracing a few days back on our calendar, we find that among the visitors on Monday was Dr. Parsons of Skaneateles N. Y. This gentleman studied medicine with Dr. Porter's father.

A new pupil was added on the same day, by name Florence M. Ganiard, an intelligent semi-mute. She was assigned to Prof. Currier's class.

On Tuesday our Principal, together with Professors Van Nostrand and Currier attended the 75th anniversary of the New York Historical Society. On this occasion Hon. Frederic DePeyster, LL.D., President of the society, and a distinguished member of our Board of Directors, read a very interesting paper on the administration of Richard, Earl of Bellemont, who was one of the early governors of the New York Colony.

School was dismissed on Thursday afternoon at 4 p. m. on account of darkness.

On Friday afternoon, a selected number of the pupils went to the city, accompanied by Mr. Rhodes, for the purpose of testing his invention before several of the prominent men of the metropolis.

The stereopticon lecture of the same evening was on the Prince of Wales Hunting Expedition in India. It was given by Prof. Currier.

GOOSE QUILL.

Nov. 22, 1879.

THE ERIE SCHOOL FOR DEAF-MUTES.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Permit my note concerning my visit to the school for deaf-mutes at Erie, Pa., to be inserted in your appreciated paper. A little while ago I called with my Aunt and sister Ella to see the school for deaf-mutes. I wished to see how they were improving in articulation. The deaf-mute school is in the High School building where the hearing children attend. Miss Mary Welch, the indefatigable instructress of the department, takes great interest in learning the deaf-mutes how to articulate. The children are sharp, watching every motion of her face and catching the slightest movement from her lips, mouth or throat, and are enabled to interpret sentences. One little boy (Ohio Cohen, a Jew) is too cute—only eight years old, always stands up before the teacher and speaks in reply to the questions which she asks him. There are only twelve deaf and dumb children in school, besides an old lady. Miss Susan Meyer forty-three years old, who was never educated, and is neither able to write nor talk at all. What a pity for her to live through her miserable and unhappy life!

I asked Miss Welch after a little girl, (Tilly Straus) age, "How old is Tilly?" The teacher called her to come near me, so Tilly came to me quickly and read this question on a slate, and wrote "I am ten years old." I wrote "a very bright girl." Obie and Tilly can write nicely for little children. Eugene Lewis, and DeWitt Himrod are somewhat big boys, both very smart and can write or talk very well. They seem to be improving very fast. I don't think any one of these children will ever be sent to the Institution for Deaf-Mutes.

EFFIE.

Erie, Pa., Nov. 17, 1879.

AN ECHO FROM THE OLD NORTH STATE.

MR. EDITOR:—I have been watching and waiting for the development of the question of the proposed convention and the discussions and opinions of its advocates so long as to justify me in expressing my personal opinion and adding whatever comment I think pertinent. I give my preference to Cincinnati, notwithstanding the reluctance on the part of the New England Deaf-Mutes. Let me express my opinion that if the convention proves to be abortive next year, the attendance very small and its results discouraging in the extreme, the New England mutes can call together a convention in the borders of their own States, the southerners will do their best to call into existence their own and the Western boys can follow their "sweet will." Then these separate conventions will be wheels in a wheel and at least one or two delegates from each convention will form the great wheel. Then and not until then the true and methodical way will be hit and understood. I don't mean to be your dictator but to offer you a suggestion, so I will make my exit with "success to you all."

H. C. TRAPP.

A GOOD WORD.

MR. EDITOR:—I thought I would write a short letter for your most interesting paper. I think the letters of your paper are highly interesting.

Mr. John Barkley, a well known and intelligent young gentleman spent a few days with us a short time ago; and such a pleasant time we had, we were sorry to part with him. He is away on account of ill health. We hope he will soon recover.

Seeing many suggestions as to where the National Convention shall be held, I also suggest it to be held at Cincinnati, as I think it to be the central place. I think the *JOURNAL* is most interesting and instructive paper I ever read.

KATE.

Amelia, O., Nov. 20, 1879.

Although there are no more hotels in this city than there were a year ago, we read in the papers every day of "hotel arrivals."

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE NOTES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 15, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—A new student seeing the Y. M. C. A. R. R. so much mentioned, asked where the Y. M. C. A. Railroad was.

Another arrival, this time from Missouri; name Gray. He seems a quiet, reserved fellow whom one would not take at the first glance to be as intelligent as he really is. But "Still waters run deep." It is said of him that when he first entered the Missouri Institution, he was put in the lowest class for beginners, where he was content to spell "cat," "dog," etc., like any pupil who learned his A, B, C, for the first time. It was several months before his real intelligence was found out and then he was promoted to the other extreme, the first class.

The Glee Club gave its second entertainment on Friday evening of last week. Bryant '80 delivered a story of socialism from Captain Marryatt's "Midshipman Easy," which provoked a great deal of laughter and which must have extinguished the desire of social freedom and social equality in the spectators if there were any who entertained such a desire. Col. Sawhill, who returned last week and was immediately admitted to the Glee Club, made his debut in a farce entitled "The Lover's Trials." Those who have seen the inimitable way in which "Col" tells a story needs not be told that his story was appreciated. C. C. Codman of Chicago recited the "Burial of Sir John Moore" in a manner to touch our deepest feelings. The sad, impressive manner of the recital brought the chords of our hearts in unison with those of the soldiers; they beat alternately with regret for the hero who was buried far from home, in a strange land, and with the sorrow of the soldiers, who loth to leave the remains of their beloved general behind to be desecrated by the unfeeling hands of the enemy, yet were compelled by circumstances to do so.

A novel feature of the entertainment was a naval battle in pantomime between Zeigler, of Pennsylvania and Andrews of South Carolina. Zeigler dressed up in an officer's uniform, represented a United States man-of-war, vast and unwieldy, while Andrews was a Confederate frigate, small, lithe but active. The two vessels sailing on the broad ocean, happened to catch sight of each other; each steered towards the other and a battle ensued. The thundering roar of cannon, the sulphurous smoke of the battle, the crashing of spars, the falling of the masts, the reeling motion of the ships could with small help from fancy be seen and heard. Might, at length, prevailed over activity and the Confederate ship struck her colors. Then a fine scene was witnessed when a boat was lowered from the conquered ship and rowed to the conqueror, with its commander on board, while the captain of the victorious vessel stood awaiting his coming with folded arms; and then the former tendered his sword to the latter in token of surrender.

The reverend deacon, our janitor, wrote the following notice on the bulletin board the other day, in reply to an item in one of my letters: "Notice.—The one who wrote that piece in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, made a mistake. I am not a deacon but I do hold an office as trustee and I say to you all—Repent of your sins and be converted. And be good, christian janitor."

Prof. Draper delivered an interesting lecture before the Literary Society upon John Keats, the sensitive poet who was popularly supposed to have been killed early by the critics, and who wrote for his epitaph, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." He was the author of that beautiful and much-quoted passage,

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never fade into
nothingness."

A. F. Shry '81 was aroused at dead of night by a telegram summoning him to the death-bed of his father. He has the entire sympathy of the college in his bereavement.

C. W. Carraway who has just secured a patent in conjunction with his father upon a combination plow and cotton scraper, has been granted leave of absence for an indefinite period, at his own request.

During fair week, Miss Barry, a teacher in institution at Fredericksburg, Md., and Miss Veitch, a teacher of art in the same institution; came to pay our college a visit, though a brief one. They were present at the afternoon service on Sunday. "Angels' visits (deaf-mute angels, I mean) are few and far between."

A fair, under the auspices of the National Fair Association, was held the past week on the land adjoining the college grove, and it was largely attended by the students. The main feature of the fair was horse-racing. On Saturday a holiday was given to us and we went to the fair to see Mr. Nelson of Iowa and Goodman of '80 take part in the one mile run. Nelson easily won the first prize; a gold medal, so easily did that many wished there were more trained competitors in the race to put him up to his mettle. The time he made was 5:40 though his best time is 5:2 Lester Goodman came off second best.

A new student was sent to a Junior with a note. After the note had been duly read, the bearer was sent to a Sophomore with the note, but not before he got kicked for his pains. The Sophomore read the message, told the bearer to take it to a Freshman and gave him a parting kick. The same ceremony was repeated with the Freshman who then sent him to a Senior. Surprised and mystified by such a course of treatment, he resolved to see for himself what the contents of the mysterious note was. Upon open-

ing it, his eye met the following words "Please kick the bearer." Some one saw him make a series of gesticulations, the import of which was that he would be darned (not to use a stronger expression) if he carried a note again as long as he lives. All the milk of human kindness has dried up in his bosom.

A Senior, a Junior, a Sophomore and a Freshman recently went to a soiree of young ladies in the city.

George Erskine, who has for twenty-three years discharged the duties of the college and of the institution, has been removed from his position for drunkenness. He was found in that state by President Gallaudet, in the woods, last week. The president was unwilling to dismiss a faithful servant for what might have been his first offence, and gave him several opportunities to acknowledge his fault and ask forgiveness, but by persistent denials and prevarications, he forfeited the position which he held. In revenge, he published a card in one of city papers, making severe reflections upon his late master and throwing a false light on the matter. When the true facts of the case are known by the public, the story as published cannot fail to recoil upon the one who originated it. It will hurt the deposed steward more than it will President Gallaudet.

Professor Draper is living with his wife in that part of building, which he occupied in the days of single blessedness. He has turned his elegant "Bachelor's Hall" into a pretty bower, over which a lovely young bride presides with native grace, sweetness and smiles. Mrs. Draper will undertake the task of teaching the Freshmen articulation. Happy Freshmen!

A senior met in the city the other day a procession of young ladies to the number of ninety, ranging in ages from fifteen to twenty-five. They were going to a cooking school and in the fair crowd he recognized some whom he knew. He stopped, filled with admiration of the good sense of so many young ladies, who desired to add to their other accomplishments, the noble art of housekeeping. Lost in a train of thought, his soliloquy ran somewhat like this: to be or not to be, that is the question; whether it is the wiser in mind to marry a deaf-mute or one of those sensible young ladies. This story has a moral for deaf-mute girls.

The professors have purchased a new set of tennis, which they play, occasionally inviting some of the students to take part with them.

Several of the new students, who were admitted to the college at the opening of the term, have been found not equal even to a preparatory course, and they have been put in the Primary Department. One of them, however, preferred going home and went.

Two graduates of other institutions, who have been reported in the deaf-mute papers as being students in this college are pupils in the Primary Department. Apropos of graduates, I would like to say that those who were once connected with this college are many, but those who have graduated are few. We have often noticed that those who have spent only two years, or one year, or at most a term here, are styled graduates when they had not a shadow of right to the title. Who ever heard of a graduate without a diploma or a degree? The most appropriate name for such as they would be "sojourners." Everybody should bear that fact in mind.

Mr. Fox desires to say through this letter that he deprecates the feeling of animosity which the tone of letters from New York and Ohio exhibit. When he wrote to the *JOURNAL* proposing Columbus as the place for the convention, and in lieu of Columbus, Cincinnati, he had not the least intention of provoking a bitter feeling. He had tried to be calm, even to impartiality in his tone. This is not a time of mutual recriminations, but a time of all others when the best of feelings should prevail between the deaf-mutes of every section of the country. Therefore, he moves, and I second the motion with all my heart, that as enough has been said on both sides, all reproaches, and all debate upon the subject be avoided,—nay more than that discontinued,—that the voting on the places for the convention go on.

The Epiphatha Sunday School of the college and the institution went to attend a mass meeting of the Sunday Schools in the Congregational Church of the city. The exercises consisted for the most part of singing, in which as a matter of course we did not take part; of brief addresses from prominent clergymen and others. An excellent speech was delivered upon the occasion by Hon. Mr. Stickney. Professors Fay and Gordon took turns in translating the addresses. Sitting in the same pew were President Hayes, his wife and little daughter—a model young lady who returned courtesy for courtesy with the dignity of a high-born dame.

Some one within this college has reminded me, through the columns of your paper that I had not made mention of the Y. M. C. A. R. R., thereby denying those who compose its board of officers the gratification of seeing their names in print. I thank the writer for thus reminding me, and as a fuller history of the rise and progress of the association may not prove uninteresting to graduates of this college, I propose to give it.

The Y. M. C. A. was organized last spring, with Lars M. Larson for President, as all the world knows. It then consisted of nine or ten members, all Christians—the sincerity of whose motives could not be doubted. Afterwards they conceived the idea of forming a reading room to be under the complete control and supervision of

the faithful. The idea was a good one and it might have had the whole college on its membership roll, but for an unfortunate distinction that was made between the regular and the associate members—a distinction at once so galling and unjust to the majority of the students that there was considerable opposition to the scheme. The distinction was this: As before stated, the Y. M. C. A. was to have the whole authority of the reading room, and the regular or the active, as they are called, composed the Y. M. C. A.; the associate, or merely honorary, members were to have no vote in the affairs of the reading club, even to the choice of papers. The only liberty allowed them is to humbly submit a list of the papers they want to a committee, in which they are not represented, who "will consider it." The board of officers are chosen exclusively from among the active members, the right of representation being denied to the associate members, who are in the majority, and among whom are some of the brightest minds of the college. This being the case, the faithful have everything their own way. The associate members are powerless; they cannot have any choice as to who shall govern them and who shall not; they can only go into the reading room, read a paper or magazine, talk a little, if they wish, and then come out, but nothing more can they do; they are expected to obey all the rules, which they have not made, and which the minority choose to inflict upon them.

Of late, the associate members have shown a disposition to disregard the rules, and one particularly obnoxious rule has either been repealed or become a dead letter. At first, the minority ruled and the majority obeyed, thus reversing the usual rule; but the number of active member has increased to nearly the number of associate members. The reason of so many conversions since the time that there were but nine members without a reading room, is very easy to guess. As might have been expected, this arrangement was distasteful to the great body of the students, and when the term opened last September, a mass meeting of the students was held, at which a Students' Reading Club was proposed, where all liberty of action and speech, all equality consistent with the good of the majority, were to be the ruling principles. Then and there a paper was drawn up, containing the names of forty students out of the forty-five then in the college. A committee of three was appointed for the purpose of conferring with President Gallaudet on the subject of a room for the "Students' Reading Club." The sentiment of the students as a whole was not opposed to the Y. M. C. A. On the contrary they appreciated the good influence which it was working in the college, but they were opposed to a reading room in which they were to have neither choice nor representation. Our forefathers were determined to shed the last drop of their blood before they would obey a government in which they were unrepresented. Many of the active members themselves promised that if the Students' Reading Club was organized they would join it without severing their connection with the Y. M. C. A. It might be asked why associate members did not become active members; it being only a change of name, and what is a name? They would then have a part in the government. To this question it would be replied that the majority had conscientious scruples about becoming Christians merely for the purpose of having a share in the government of the association, merely in order to obtain the favor or good-will of the faculty as this inducement has been put forth by a member of the Y. M. C. A. and they shrank from anything like a show of hypocrisy. They would not profess themselves Christians as yet, when they were conscious that they would not be able to keep some of the rules which, though they are not the rules of God or man's, yet are the rules of this college. But there are some who have not been troubled with such scruples, and whose "lender consciences" do not prevent them, from keeping on in the even tenor of their way. On the other hand, the Y. M. C. A. claim that they are but following the rules and plans of such organizations as laid down elsewhere. Yes, but are the circumstances here the same as elsewhere? Have they elsewhere no other reading association which they can join at their pleasure? Are they forced into it in lieu of another as is the case in this college? Circumstances alter cases. But to return to the committee sent to confer with President Gallaudet. It would have been an easy matter to give a room to each organization, as is done in every other college or academy even, but the students were refused a room, and the Y. M. C. A. were given a small room in the old building, while the large, handsome room which was originally intended for a reading room was converted into a recitation room for the benefit of the large army of "Preps,"—a necessary change. Then the rest of the students failing to get a room, and being desirous of something no matter what and no matter how, to read, went one by one into the Y. M. C. A. through with the avowed intention that if another organization was formed, they would leave it and join the other. They have accepted the inevitable thought with a bad grace. So the Y. M. C. A. exists by the will of President Gallaudet, and the will of the president is all-powerful within this college. Without it, the association would be powerless as far as the reading room is concerned. Therefore they have much to thank President Gallaudet for.

STUDENT.

KING AND PHRENOLOGIST.

"Who," said King Frederick of Prussia, at a fete at Potsdam which had attracted an unusually brilliant assemblage "who is that tall, bony old man with a head so full of character?"

"Sire, it is Dr. Gall, the famous phrenologist."

"Ah, the phrenologist, eh? Command him to dine with us to-morrow evening."

Next evening the king received the doctor affably, and they sat down to dinner with a dozen convives, all blazing with decorations and uniforms, but awkward and constrained in manners and conversation.

"Doctor," said the king, at the conclusion of the repast, "pray let us have something of your wonderful skill. Examine these gentlemen's heads and tell me frankly what you think of their characters and dispositions from the indications afforded by their cranial developments."

Gall rose and felt the head of his neighbor on the right, a stout, powerful man in a resplendent uniform who had been addressed as "general."

"Speak frankly," said the king, seeing that the phrenologist seemed embarrassed.

"His Excellency," said Gall, "must be passionately addicted to—to field sports and exciting pleasures; he has a decided fancy for—the battlefield and—"

The king smiled and pointed the phrenologist to his neighbor, a small, alert, keen-eyed man in the diplomatic costume.

"This gentleman," said the doctor, "is—hmm—is an expert in gymnastic exercises, an accomplished pedestrian; very neat and graceful in all operations requiring manual dexterity—"

"Enough," said the king, rapping on the table, and as a score of soldiers entered, he continued, to the stupefaction of Dr. Gall, "Remove these gentlemen to their cells. Allow me to put in plain language what you were reluctant to say. The general is a murderer under sentence, and your other neighbor is the most expert pickpocket and cutpurse in Prussia, who has eluded capture on innumerable occasions. Examine your pockets."

The doctor did so, and found that his handkerchief, purse, watch and snuff box had disappeared. They were all returned to him next day, with a complimentary letter from the king, and a costly snuff box bearing Frederick's portrait set in brilliants.

DROWNED IN BARLEY.

While a vessel was being loaded with barley at a wharf at Boymansville, Ont., recently, some boys went up to the third story of the elevator and amused themselves by jumping into a bin from which the grain was running, by means of a spout, down to the ground floor. One boy, about eleven years of age, named Terry, jumped into the hollow formed over the hole of the spout, and being unable to climb out, was drawn under the grain and smothered. Attempts were made to rescue him, but this was found to be impossible, and several hundred bushels had to be run out on the floor before he could be reached, taking about two hours and a half. The bin is about twenty-five feet deep, and the boy was about ten feet under the grain and standing upright when found. Life was quite extinct.

HOW A LASS CAPTURED A BIG SNAKE.

Joe Moreau is a girl of 17, of mixed blood, beautiful and bold, and a daring rider. On Tuesday of last week, she performed a remarkable exploit. While out looking up some of her father's missing ponies, she encountered a monster rattlesnake, a warning from which caused her horse suddenly to shy, nearly dismounting her. Getting command of her animal, she reined up a short distance from the reptile, which, angered at her intrusion, coiled itself ready for battle. Cool and collected, the girl, swinging her lariat, hit it a sharp blow. Maddened, the snake several times struck at her.

Dexterously swinging her supple cord, again, she "noosed" the rearing head of the snake, and wheeling about, bore rapidly for home, dragging her prize after her. It was undoubtedly the liveliest "snaking" ever done in Montana. Arriving at the house, her father and several cow-boys stepped out to greet her, and to them she proudly exhibited the monster, its life now extinct. Its length by actual measurement was ascertained to be seven feet and eight inches, and its girth, at the largest part, sixteen inches. The rattles numbered twenty-nine complete ones, and a "button." This string of rattles was sent into Helena, and in compliance with an order accompanying it, an expert jeweller has for several days been forming the most unique necklace probably ever made in this, or any other country.

What we want to find out is what every one is fit for, and put them to that work which they naturally lean toward. There is a niche for every one! The trouble is, in dealing with people we want to drive them into lines and battalions by wholesale, instead of finding for every body his natural place.

All skill ought to be exerted for universal good; every man has owed much to others and ought to repay the kindness he has received.

SUNDAY READING.

"JESUS ONLY."

Canticles ii. 17; Matthew xvii. 8.
 "Jesus only!" In the shadow
 Of the cloud so chill and dim,
 We are clinging, loving, trusting,
 He with us and we with Him,
 All unseen, though ever nigh,
 "Jesus only!"—all our cry!
 "Jesus only!" In the glory,
 When the shadows all are down,
 Seeing Him in all His beauty,
 Satisfied with Him alone;
 We shall join His ransomed throng,
 "Jesus only!"—all our song!

PRIVILEGE OF PRAYER.

PRAYER is not a consultation with the highest wisdom which this world can supply. It is not intercourse with an angel or a spirit made perfect. But it is an approach to the living God. It is access to the High and Holy One who inhabiteth eternity. It is detailing in the ear of divine sympathy every sorrow. It is consulting with Divine wisdom on every difficulty. It is asking from Divine resources the supply of every want. And this is not once for a life time or for a few moments on a stated day of each year, but at any moment, at any time of need.

Whatever be the day of your distress, it is a day when prayer is allowable. Whatever be the time of your calamity, it is a time when prayer is available. However early in the morning you seek the gate of access, you find it already open; and however deep the midnight moment when you find yourself in the sudden arms of death, the winged prayer can bring an instant Saviour near. And this wherever you are. It needs not that you should ascend some special Pisgah or Moriah. It needs not that you should enter some awful shrine, or put off your shoes on some holy ground. Could a memento be reared on every spot from which an acceptable prayer has passed away, and on which a prompt answer has come down, we should find *Jehovah-Shammah*—"the Lord hath been here," inscribed on many a cottage hearth and many a dungeon floor. We should find it not only in Jerusalem's proud temple and David's cedar galleries, but in the fishermen's cottage by the brink of Genesaret and in the upper chamber where Pentecost began.—*Hamilton*.

THE JOY OF SERVICE.

He who wants the joys of Christ's service must first be in Christ's service. Consecration must precede comfort in the believer's life. He must look to Jesus for direction, before he calls on Jesus for assistance. His first thought in the morning must be, "What can I do for my Master? not, What can my Master do for me? So long as he is looking at Jesus merely as one to give him help and comfort and peace, he will fail to find what he looks for. But when he looks at Jesus as one whom he loves, and lives for, and is ready to die for; as one whose badge of service he is proud of, and whom he enjoys doing anything and everything for,—then he will have health and comfort and peace, according to the order of nature in all devoted service, and according to the specific and unfailing word of Jesus in this particular sphere.—*Sunday School Times*.

FAITH.

Faith brings all God's strength to aid the weakest man. Through faith men subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, quenched the violence of fire, stopped the mouths of lions, and out of weakness have been made strong. The shield of faith quenches every fiery dart of Satan. Faith works by love. Faith purifieth the heart. Faith molds the life and makes us more than conquerors through Him that loved us. Have faith in God! Read His Word believingly. Follow Christ's example, and tread in the path of His saints. Like Abraham, believe God, and it shall be counted for your righteousness; like Moses, believe God, and you shall endure as seeing Him who is invisible. Lord increase our faith!

How dangerous to defer those momentous reformations which conscience is solemnly preaching to the heart! If they are neglected, the difference and indisposition increase every day. The mind is receding, degree after degree, from the warm and hopeful zone, till at last it will enter the arctic circle and become fixed in relentless and eternal ice.—*J. Foster*.

A RIGHT use of the opportunities of instruction afforded me in my early youth would have made me a scholar ere my twenty-fifth year, and have saved to me at least ten of the best years of my life.—*Hugh Miller*.

The Interior says, "A man who can not be recognized by those around him as one of the elect may be quite sure that he is not recognized by Him who elects."

There is a pleasure in contemplating good; there is a greater pleasure in receiving good; but the greatest pleasure is in doing good, which comprehends the rest.

What is the character of your present trial? Perhaps it is one of Heaven's officers come with a search-warrant to search for idols; "I, the Lord, search the heart."

The sea of this world hides so many rocks that a vessel whose rudder is not in the hands of Wisdom, must of necessity soon suffer shipwreck.—*Hangstenbury*.

LOOKING FOR TRACES OF PHAROAH'S ARMY.

The Abbe Meigne, of Paris, wants 300,000 francs as capital with which to start an expedition in search of the remains of Pharaoh's army. His object is not only to pick up such valuables as may be at the bottom of the Red Sea, but, by finding the whole or any part of the Egyptian host, to demonstrate the truth of that part of the Bible which tells of their destruction. The Abbe has a heavy undertaking before him. Nobody knows the precise spot where Pharaoh went down, nor can anybody tell, without costly excavations in the wet sand, how much solid matter now overlies the deceased Egyptians. If any of the apparatus of Egyptian warfare should be brought up, it may serve as circumstantial evidence that the place has been found where the host was drowned. But if the Abbe and his associated capitalists should fail to find any trace of the king or his followers, the Scriptures will still be true as ever, and the enterprising Frenchmen will be out their 300,000 francs.

Two men started out a wager to see which could tell the biggest lie. No. 1 commenced: "A wealthy country editor—" whereupon No. 2 stopped him right there and paid the forfeit.

A Table.

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

NOV. 30th, 1879.

MORNING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 30th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Isaiah i.
 2d Lesson—Luke i. to v. 39.
 Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the first Sunday in Advent.

EVENING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 30th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Isaiah ii.
 2d Lesson—Romans x.
 Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the first Sunday in Advent.

The Deaf-Mute National Convention.

We desire all deaf-mutes of this country who intend to attend the national reunion to send their names, addresses, and the designated places and specified days of August, 1880, at which and on which they desire to have the reunion held. The time to accomplish this purpose is extended till January 1st, 1880, when a count of the votes will take place, and the place and day preferred by a majority will be finally decided upon.

Below we insert the names of deaf-mutes who have already expressed their preferences:

CINCINNATI.

1. P. A. Emery, of Illinois, "	Aug. 11th.
2. J. E. Gallagher, of "	" "
3. James Fisher, of Georgia, "	15th.
4. M. J. Morris, of "	" "
5. M. Freeman, of "	" "
6. A. Rembeck, of "	" "
7. E. C. Duncan, of "	" "
8. J. S. Egan, of "	" "
9. T. H. Coleman, of South Carolina, "	24th.
10. W. N. Sparrow, of Massachusetts, "	21st.
11. H. Reed, of Wisconsin, "	25th.
12. J. L. H. Long, of Ohio, latter part of Aug.	" "
13. W. E. White, of New Hampshire, "	" "
14. Fred. Stickle, of Wisconsin, Aug. 25th.	" "
15. M. Zeigler, of Pennsylvania, "	" "
16. E. L. Van Dusen, of Michigan, "	" "
17. J. P. Kelly, of Minnesota, "	" "
18. W. Robinson, of Wisconsin, "	" "
19. L. A. Palmer, of Tennessee, "	" "
20. A. S. Hays, of "	" "
21. W. A. Nelson, of Iowa, "	" "
22. T. A. Kisel, of Delaware, "	" "
23. F. W. Shaw, of Ohio, "	" "
24. J. M. Koshler, of Pennsylvania, "	" "
25. J. A. Trumble, of Maryland, "	" "
26. B. H. Allbaugh, of Pennsylvania, "	" "
27. P. S. Morley, of "	" "
28. J. S. Hays, of "	" "
29. B. N. Stevenson, of Ohio, "	" "
30. F. W. Wood, of Massachusetts, "	" "
31. E. O. Hare, of Kentucky, "	" "
32. M. L. Brown, of Indiana, "	" "
33. L. N. Hammer, of Tennessee, "	" "
34. T. P. Fox, of New York, "	" "
35. A. R. Spear, of "	" "
36. J. L. Kendrick, of New York, "	" "
37. P. J. Hasenstab, of Indiana, "	" "
38. J. L. Smith, of Minnesota, "	" "
39. C. W. Collins, of "	" "
40. W. C. Caraway, of Mississippi, "	" "
41. J. T. Sansom, of Indiana, "	" "
42. A. H. Schory, of Ohio, "	" "
43. A. C. Codman, of Illinois, "	" "
44. M. D. Lyon, of Kentucky, "	Aug. 30th.
45. L. W. Callahan, of Pennsylvania, "	25th.
46. W. Brookmire, of "	" "
47. H. B. Drake, of Ohio, "	" "
48. J. S. Tuttle, of Massachusetts, "	21st.
49. G. S. Sawyer, of District of Columbia, "	25th.
50. A. L. Jeffords, of Illinois, "	15th.
51. J. H. Hammer, of Illinois, "	25th.
52. A. Bryant, of District of Columbia, "	" "
53. Lester Goodman, of Illinois, "	" "
54. J. G. Marx, of New York, "	25th.
55. Charles Kearney, of Indiana, "	20th.
56. N. M. Brown, of Indiana, "	" "
57. J. Stark, of Virginia, "	" "
58. L. M. Larson, of Wisconsin, "	25th.
59. Charles Brown, of Indiana, "	21st.
60. H. R. Lawrence, of Louisiana, "	" "
61. B. A. Richards, of Indiana, "	" "
62. Mathias Heck, of Indiana, "	" "
63. C. T. Fordley, of Kentucky, "	" "
64. J. H. Yeager, of Kentucky, "	" "
65. G. T. Schofield, of Kentucky, "	" "
66. Miss Martha Stephens, of Kentucky, "	" "
67. Wm. Heck, of Indiana, "	21st.
68. E. B. Brown, of Indiana, "	" "
69. F. W. Bigelow, of Vermont, "	" "
70. J. G. Dillman, of Indiana, "	Aug. 25th.
71. H. H. Davis, of Massachusetts, "	" "
72. G. T. Dougherty, of Missouri, "	" "
73. M. B. Gray, of Kentucky, "	Aug. 25th.
74. W. J. Blount, of Indiana, "	" "
75. H. D. Lee, of "	" "
76. J. K. T. Hoagland, of Kentucky, "	" "

REV. A. W. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Toledo, O., "	November 20th.
Monroe, Mich., "	21st.
Detroit, "	23d.
Flint, "	24th.
Jackson, "	25th.
Jacksonville, Ill., "	27-28th.
St. Louis, Mo., "	30th.
Chicago, Ill., "	December 7th.
Michigan City, Ind., "	8th.
Plymouth, "	9th.
Richmond, "	11th.
Dayton, O., "	12th.
Cincinnati, O., "	14th.
Delaware, "	15th.
Cleveland, "	21st.
Pittsburg, Pa., "	28th.
Massillon, O., "	29th.
Mansfield, "	30th.
Cleveland, "	January 4th.

Other appointments will be made later on.

I desire to thank those who have helped to make the notices of my services generally known.

A. W. MANN.
 24 William st., Cleveland, O., Nov. 10, 1879.

THE SUN FOR 1880.

THE SUN will deal with the events of the year 1880 in its own fashion, now pretty well understood by everybody. From January 1 until December 31 it will be conducted as a newspaper, written in the English language, and printed for the people.

As a newspaper, THE SUN believes in getting all the news of the world promptly, and presenting it in the most intelligible shape—the shape that will enable its readers to keep well abreast of the age with the least unproductive expenditure of time. The greatest interest to the greatest number—that is, the law controlling its daily make-up. It now has a circulation very much larger than that of any other American newspaper, and enjoys an income which it is at all times prepared to spend liberally for the benefit of its readers. People of all conditions of life and all ways of thinking buy and read THE SUN; and they all derive satisfaction of some sort from its columns, for they keep on buying and reading it.

In its comments on men and affairs, THE SUN believes that the only guide of policy should be common sense, inspired by genuine American principles. It is not a party paper, and it will not be. For this reason, it is, and will continue to be, absolutely independent of party, class, clique, organization, or interest. It is for all, but, of course, it will not be for all. It will not be for those who are willing to take care that its language is to the point and plain, beyond the possibility of being misunderstood. It is unimpaired by motives that of Congress, the nobility of the land, or the nobility of the sea, or the nobility of the air, or the nobility of the earth, or the nobility of the sky, or the nobility of the sun, or the nobility of the moon, or the nobility of the stars, or the nobility of the planets, or the nobility of the comets, or the nobility of the meteors, or the nobility of the lightning, or the nobility of the thunder, or the nobility of the rain, or the nobility of the snow, or the nobility of the hail, or the nobility of the wind, or the nobility of the clouds, or the nobility of the fog, or the nobility of the mist, or the nobility of the dew, or the nobility of the frost, or the nobility of the ice, or the nobility of the snow, or the nobility of the hail, or the nobility of the wind, or the nobility of the clouds, or the nobility of the fog, or the nobility of the mist, or the nobility of the dew, or the nobility of the frost, or the nobility of the ice, or the nobility 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